Robert Hilliard, Marie Bressler, and Law-rence Hanley Among the New Recruits in Vaudeville - The Negro Characteristics

of a Cake Walk as Seen at a Music Hall, A noteworthy fact in theatricals this week is that seven of the conspicuously current plays are at the end of their terms here. The places that will close with Saturday night's performances are "A Pair of Spectacles," with John Hare and his London company, at the Knickerbocker: "A Contented Woman," with Caroline Miskel Hoyt, at Hoyt's; "Straight from the Heart, 'at the Academy of Music, and "Cuba's Vow" at the Star; while those which are to last only a little longer are "An American leauty," with Lillian Russell, at the Casino; Secret Service," with William Gillette, at the Garrick; "The Magistrate," with Ada Rehan, at For Bonnie Prince Charlie," with the Tabers, at Wallack's, and "Shamus O'Brien" at the Broadway. There is a last-chance week of "Sue" at the American, with Annie Russell as its peculiar wife and Joseph Wheelock as the jealous husband. "Tata-Toto" is a German earth farce at the Irving Place. The plays that are still running with no dates fixed for that are "Under the Red Robe," with the cessation are "Under the Empire; "The First stock company, at the Empire; "The First Gentleman of Europe," with the stock company, at the Lycoum; "Heartsease," with Henry Miller, at the Garden: "Courted Into Court," with May Irwin, at the Bijou, and "Sweet In-niscarra," with Chauncey Olcott, at the Fourteenth Street. The week stands offer a variety of popular entertainment. That jovial re-"In Gay New York," is at the Harlem Opera House, with just about the same company that imparted liveliness to it in Breadway. Digby Bell and Laura Joyce are acting the deacon and the old maid in "The Midnight Bell" at the People's. Henry Clay Blaney and his merry companions are mixing farce and vaudeville in "A Boy Wanted" at the Murray Hill. Agnes Herndon is the title beroine of "A Woman in Black" at the Grand Opera House, with bands of music and torchlight processions to illustrate its political theme. The methods of far Western highwaymen and their pursuers are shown rousingly in "The Great Train Hobbery" at the Columbus.

The current vaudeville bills are unusually attractive. On several of the stages devoted to this style of amusement actors newly drawn from the dramatic stage are employed. One of these recruits is Robert Hilliard, who made his New York debut as a "continuous" entertainer at Keith's on Monday night. He is acting there in "The Littlest Girl," a short play in which he has been seen on the "legitimate" boards. It has been seen on the "legitimate" boards. It is a dramatization of one of Richard Harding Davis's stories, and its principal character is portrayed excellently by Mr. Hilliard. Among the specialists at Keith's are Biair and Morillo, Payne Clarke, and George W. Moarce.

Named in Tony Pastor's continuous bill are Filison and Erroil, Florrie West, and the George French squad of bicyclists, Proctor's Theatre employs Lawrence Hanley, George H. Wood, and Witter J. Feabody, High-priced entertainers are numerous in the music halls. August Van Biene is at the Olympia, and George Evans, De Bessell, Signor Alberti, and George Fuller Golden are among his companions. At Weber & Fields's the first performanceof "Under the Red Globe" comes to-morrow night. Lottle Gilson and Caron and Herbert are this resort's leading specialists. A negro cake walk is a diverting feature at Kosier & Blai's and Otero, in the last week of her stay, and Marie Hilton are contributors of specialites. The Seymours, an unfamiliar pair of aerobats of original methods, are at the Pleasure Paiace, and here, too, are O'Brien and Havel, Marie Dressler and Gus Williams. Millie Christine, a two-headed woman, is the item of great interest at Huber's East Fourteenth Street Museum. The wax show is the chief item at the Eden Musee, but the fact that its band concerts for the week are-repetitions of the music its musicians played at the Bradley Martin ball is put forward as an attraction. is a dramatization of one of Richard Harding

For Lawrence Hanley's first essay at Proc tor's in the continuous shows Kenneth Lee has in the days when it was considered impossible that a player should be a gentleman. He is in lodgings, deeply in debt to his landlady, and quite as deeply in love with her daughter. His attire belies the description of his poverty, for his long coat and knee breeches are figured satin lace trimmed and embroidered, but the aspaid bill for them is mentioned, and so that clicropancy is not giaring. As the time of action is plainly cointed as very many years ago,
the latter-day slang that the serving maid
utters is a century or more ahead of time. Still,
as there's a chance for the player to declaim, and as he does that finely, the sketch
serves its purpose. Mr. Hanley's assistant is
Jean Sylvester, and she has three persons to
represent, but it is as the worshipping daughter
that she gives the essential cue. It recalls the
internationally famous sketch of the Peroxide
staters, who used to stand before a drop painted
to represent the frozen lands that Lieut Peary
penstraies. The one with the greatest expanse internationally famous sketch of the Peroxide staters who used to stand before a drop painted to represent the frozen lands that Lieut Peary penetrates. The one with the greatest expanse of bare beck would say, "Don't you remember that song you used to sing when you were a little cheelit?" Well, I should stutter," the other would reply, and, on being urged to sing, would assault the audience with something about the flowers that bloomed on her mother's tomb. With the actor and his "feeder" the request is for something from his favorits part, the requester agreeing to sit in an easy chair and represent an addence. The part is Marc Antony, and the selection is the speech over Crastr's dead body. The actor has time to remove his satin suit, and so makes his speech in Roman garb, and he speaks with a fine fire, kneeling and spreading his hands to the gallery, whose occupants seem his hands to the gallery, whose occupants seem had to a seem to the declaimer's last rear they send back a louder one. Downstairs a large proportion of listeners perch on the edges of their seats and lean on the chair backs in front of them, getting as uear to the speaker as they can. By such means, in this case, is the quality of the pudding proved. Mr. Hanley used to play Marc Antony with Booth and Barrett, and has not forgotten how to decisim the inneral oration.

In the specialty with which Marie Dressler has made her vandeville debut at the Piessure Palace there is little trace of the acrobatics that made her dance with Dan Daly in " The Lady Slavey " memorable. But she's not alto gether sedate; that would hardly be expected of her. Her costume is an elaborate affair of white gauzy stuff trimmed with black, and includes a showy headdress of the same colors. In her first song, a rollicking air to words about a lessness that might be expected of her by removing her headdress carclessly and fastening it about her throat. She indicates a wish, too for less vigor on the part of the drummer, who fer less vigor on the part of the drummer, who, of course, responds with louder thumps. What a man will do for a pretty woman's kiss is the subject of her next ditty, and she puts a deal of convincing ardor into its rather strayagant assertions. To conclude, she sings a serious hallad concerning a passion that is to last through all eternity, and burlesques its ferricity. A large black catrich plume is pinned to the front of her dress, and her dramatic gestures fetch it awry. At the most impassioned verses its fluffy end gets before her face, and so her attention alternates between extrayagantly impressive gestures and pushing the feather aside. Three songs are all that Miss Dressler will sine, but instead of a fourth she contributes a courtesy that is noticeable. In it she bends forward and down until her chin almost touches the floor, the bow and recovery being accompilated gracefully. Its effect is to indicate, what was not entirely clear before it, that if a fourth ballad were to come it would not be Lady Jane's plaint from "Patience."

A cake walk is on at Koster & Bial's. The big cake that goes to the winner of such concontestants are heralded by a gally uniformed frum major, who whirls his baton and puts on more airs than could be expected from three men of his size. But the next chap to enter sets the drom major's airlness in the shade. He is the master of ceremonies, a slender, nimble fellow, who is also a past grand master of all the arts of skipping and hopping. He comes so near to overcoming the force of gravity that four strides take him across the stage, and with the last hop he springs into the air and turns about to face the other way before touching the floor. He has time, too, during the floor. He has time, too, during these antics to twirl a cane that is gay with ribbons, and altogether he is a mighty important personace, or else his impression of himself is a mistaken one. Then in come seven couples of walkers. The men are in evening dreas with and wear gleaming slik hets. The women's gowns are of bright colored stuffs. The master of ceramonics' self-cettem is paralified in every one of these couples. The walkers line up at the slit of the stage, and one couple goes through its paces at a time. In each case

gant siriness, the recovery from each courtery is quite as elaborate, and then the couple starts toward the cake, the man next the audience. He carries his hat in his hand, his elbow crooked at a sharp angle, and waves it gently up and down, much as a wire walker handles his balancing pole. At each right angle turn, of which there are several in the course, there is a manœuvre of intense sprightliness, and in the walk toward the audience a grandness of manner is assumed that would become a king if so much of it didn't weigh him down and make him round shouldered. Each couple has a method peculiarly its own. One man who sets the audience in a roar is as sedate as a butler, and his gait is absolutely free from any sort of elaboration. Yet his foot goes down just so in each step, and it would be a safe guess that his steps do not vary many hairs' breadths in length. In contrast with him is a chap so full of "ginger" that his prancing becomes almost a dance; but, like the other, each series of steps is precisely like those that preceded. The women keep their eyes on their partners and trip along in accurate time with the men's motions, throwing their heads back and becoming immoderately queenly when the man is getting in his showlest tricks. After the seven couples have had their trials Williams and Walker bring in their partners. One of these chaps is the most dandified creature of the lot, and the other is intentionally ungraceful, but quite as systematic and studied as his companion. The enjoyment of the walkers in their exercises is unmistrakable. With the exception of the one sedate chap all the men wear smiles that begin close to each ear and are unceasing. When the affair is over and the spectators demand more of it, the procession takes its way across the stage before the drop curtain. Eighteen heads are held away up, and twice as many rows of remarkably white and regular teeth are revealed. For that half minute dukes and duchesses are a rabble to those walkers.

James Ballard, political lecturer, oratorical by trade, will make his first appearance in New York on the stage of the Olympia Music Hall next Monday night. He was exhibited to the reporters last night. Ballard, like the Cherry Sisters, halls from Iowa. He was born in England, but has passed most of his life in and about Red Oak, Is. He is a short man with unusual feet, and he usually wears five pairs of trousers. He also were last night a dress coat of ancient design with brass

On the right-hand lanel was ninned a red. white, and blue resette, on the streamers of which Ballard had written some rhymes ex-plaining the significance of the colors. On the left lapel he were a German silver badge, in-scribed "Poetical Lecturer, the Rev. James Ballard;

ieft lapel he wore a German silver badge, inscribed "Poetical Lecturer, the Rev. James Ballard."

He has restless blue-gray eyes, a wide mouth, and a stubby growth of brown beard on his jaws and cheeks. He says that he cuts his own hair; and no one need doubt it.

His muse has troubled him for many years. In Moutgomery and the adjacent counties of lowa alone he has delivered no less than 1,080 lectures involving poetry. One poem, recited by him last night in an enormous voice, is about the songs of various birds, and he illustrated it with various sounds on an aathmatic cornet, the keys of which he spurned to use. He also recited a poem, composed by him, in honor of this city. The first line of every stanza is "New York! New York!! New York!!" He has tried his muse on Brooklyn also, but found the name of that city hard to handle in verse. His best poems, he says, were never published. The prize of the collection is "Chicago Geographically Described," which, Mr. Bailard says, is worth \$10,000 of any man's money. The subject of his favorite lecture is "The Art of Delivery in Rhymes and Gestures, Embracing Many Methods, Times, and Tones, on a Variety of Topics of a Religious and Moral Character: Interesting and Beneficial to People of All Ages and Sexes. Terms—25 cents. Boys under 12 years, 10 cents. Ladies free; or \$2 for a lecture free of expense."

Mr. Van Bookerck's Pictures at Knordler's Well-selected subjects mark the landscape work of Robert W. Van Boskerck, who, besides being a regular contributor to the exhibitions of the Society of American Artists and the of his year's painting at one of the city galleries. Usually his pictures are shown at Knoedler's, and this year they are to be seen there-twentytwo of them, and all "plus gentils les uns que les rutres," as Mme. Vinard says of the Englishmen n"Trilby." Mr. Van Boskerck spent the summer before last in England, and his exhibition last year contained views in Warwickshire; villages, Chatsworth. Three or four years ago he painted Shakespeare's country from Evesham to Stratford, and the canvases he brought back showed many picturesque and sightly bits, as well as more extended views. The past sum-mer he returned to the Bhode Island country about Narragansett and Wakefield, where he had previously painted many of his most popular pictures, and on new ground in the neigh-borhood of Brandon, Vt., he preempted claims to a dozen motives which are presented in his landscapes this year under various effects of must at once strike the visitor who remembers Mr. Van Boskerck's English landscapes that the subjects he has found at home are fully as attractive as those that took his fancy in the old country. The towns on the hillsides, with church spires pointing skyward above the clumps of trees, the mill-dams and locks, the sheep in their upland pastures, the rivers reflecting white with water lilles and dilapidated boats draws up on the shores among the rushes, have as much pasteral charm as the similar picteresqueness of the foreign scenery. Perhaps many people will like them better because they are nearer at hand and their own, and in the matter of verisimilitude their judgment may be more easily given. Mr. Van Boskerck is a literal painter of landscape. His subject once chosen and the lines of the composition deter-mined, he sets to work to give in his picture as much as the limitations of pictorial repre-sentation in paint permit him to give in conscientious reproduction. His sense of observation is well developed, and he depicts the landscape before him in a way that carries on the canvas the stamp of fidelity to the facts in nature. His trees are particularly well studied, so that the oaks, elms, birches or maples may be easily picked out, not only when they stand alone, but also when they appear in the groups of follage in the foregrounds rarely cloudless, are drawn with precision, and are often very delicately modelled. His color schemes are conceived without much synthetic treatment, inasmuch as he aims to reproduce all the local color in his motive, occupying himself solely with the task of holding together the different notes sufficiently to preserve a consistent general aspect. These characteristics of the artist's work are well exemplified in the landscapes in the present exhibition. "On the Banks of Otter Creek, Brandon," No. 19, gives a view of a quick stream flowing between green banks and wooded hills in the middle distance. It is singularly restful and placid. "The Garden Path," No. 5, shows a gayer motive, with brightly colored flowers in long parterres in the sunshine. "The River at Wakefield," No. 13, presents a broad expanse of water in the foreground, with water liles growing thickly on its surface, while on a hill seen clustered among the trees, "Looking Toward Newport from McSparran Hill," No. 3, shows a flock of sheep on high level ground, and below, in the distance, flat country, cross-marked

#### please many visitors, for the pictures are attractive and understandable. Morschhauser-Doelger.

with stone fences, stretching away to the sea.

Very good work is found also in " A Gray Day

on the River at Wakefield," No. 18; in the small Golden Autumn," No. 15, and in "Rocky

be open until Feb. 27, and should interest and

Miss Madeleine Doelger and William Anthony Morachhauser were married last evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Doelger, at Riverside drive and 100th street. Only relatives and intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed at 7 o'clock by the Rev. Father Ahne, chapiain of the Convent of the Holy Angels, of Fort Lee, N. J. Miss Matlida Doelger attended her sister as maid of honor, and a little brother and sister. Frank and 'occlis Doelger, were the page and flower maiden. There were no bridesmalds. George F. Morschhauser assisted his brother as best man, and A. C. G. Hupfel, Walter R. Quick, William H. Morgan, and Rudolph Neldlinger were the ushers. A reception followed the ceremony. Among those present were Archbishop Corrigan, Mr. and Mrs. George Ehret, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Neldlinger, Mr. and Mrs. Athur Doelger, Mr. and Mrs. Athur Doelger, Mr. and Mrs. And Mrs. And Mrs. And Mrs. And Mrs. J. A. Morschhauser, parents of the bridegroom, and Mr. and Mrs. E. G. W. Woertz. Company Cot the Seventh Regiment, of which the bridegroom is a member, attended collectively. 7 o'clock by the Rev. Father Ahne, chaplain of

FORD'S GHOST TOOK LAGER.

CAME IN ON THE BARROOM CIRCLE JUST LIKE FORD HIMSELF.

They Had Burled Him Last Winter, and They Knew It, but He Says It Must Have Been Somebody Else They Burled, and That He's Been Only from Maine to Mexico, No Further.

In all his life, so far as his neighbors in Yonkers knew, Frank Ford never did anything out of the ordinary until he disappeared from the ken of mankind as completely as if he had walked off the edge of the earth. He had alyoung daughter, his wife being dead, and had Then about a year ago be vanished in a very irregular if quiet way. Most men who disappear do it quietly, except such as become dissipated in dynamite explosions; but Ford's disappearance was accomplished with even less of a ripple than is usual in such cases. One day he

"No more work up at Connett's, I'm going to Peekskill to-morrow. Advertisements are out for trimmers up there. You stay with your

On the following day he left for Peekskill Whather he got there or not only he himself knows. He didn't get work, any way. Nothing further was heard of him. The police of Peekskill looked for him, and notice was sent to Po lice Headquarters in this city. Not a jot or

That was in March of last year. Ellen Ford. the daughter, continued to live with her aunt, and after a month of waiting in the expectation of getting some word from her father gave up hope of ever seeing him again. The few inti-mate friends he had concluded that, in despair at being unable to get work, he had com-mitted suicide. That was what might be expected, they said, of one of those quiet, self-

body, and that was the end of Ford. So Yonkers supposed, at least.

The daughter continued to live with her aunt, until recently it was decided that she ought to return to her relatives in England. Ford's life was insured for \$500, but the money had not been paid because of the alleged incompleteness of the identification, and the girl had no money. A raffle was held on Saturday night at Alderman John J. Locher's hotel to raise money for Elien's passage to England. Several of the men from Pat Coyle's place, where Ford was well known, went up and bought chances, and then returned to Coyle's to sit about the stove in the barroom.

"Frank Ford! Why, man, where did you come from? We thought you were dead and burled. This is a sight for sore eyes."
"I guess the rest think I'm dead yet," replied Ford composedly. "Pat, I'm glad to see you. No: I sin't a ghoot. I'm real, and I guess you burled the wrong man." one by one the men came forward, the one who had fied being with difficulty persuaded to come forth from the inner recesses of his own home and convince himself that he had not

come forth from the inner recesses of his own home and convince himself that he had not seen a spirit.

"But where have you been all the time, Frank?" was the general query.

"From Maine to Mexico," said Ford, and that is all they could get out of him. "Maybe I'll tell you more later on," he said.

So far, however, he has refused to say anything about his wanderings. He went to Alderman, both's place on Sunday, and the Alderman, who had heard of his return, handed over the proceeds of the raffle to him.

"It'll start you in life again," he said, "now that you've decided to come back from the dead."

So Ellen will not go to her relatives in Engiand. Ford has found a place in one of the lactories in Yonkers, and will go to work this week, and he and Ellen will start up house-keeping again. Who was buried as Frank Ford will probably never be known.

JUGGLED IS MONTHS AWAY.

Negro Prestidigipertato Makes an Impres-sion on Recorder Goff.

William White, a negro, of 215 East 103d street, was arraigned in the General Sessions yesterday before Recorder Goff charged with assaulting Emily Gordon with a hatchet. White pleaded guilty, saying that he had a little quarrel with the Gordon woman, but 'did not mean to injure her.

"You Honah," he said, "it were jist one o' my sleight o' hands. I tole de lady I would chop her head off an' put it back again, but I were only fociln', your flonah; jest wanted to kind o' scarify her. De blame hatchet slipped. But I only meant it for one of my tricks, you Honah. deed I did."

"Well," said the Recorder, "I intend to give you five years at hard labor, and you'll stop these little tricks."
"But lean't, you Honah," said White; "dey am der occupation of my existence."
"You talk like an insane person," remarked the Recorder.
"Heg pardon, you Honah, but i'm not an insane person. I kin eat fire, chew live kittens, swallow hot lead, bite holes in iron, drink oxal."

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

It took a day like vesterday to impress cars. The packed interior of these vehicles was in sufforating contrast to the pleasan emperature and springlike atmosphere that prevailed during the greater part of the day. strongly of dried woodwork as a Turkish bath. and the dry heat, with its odor of cloth almost burned by the heat, was enough to keep the platforms crowded. The ventilators were pened in few cases. Apparantly no provision is ever made for variations in temperature, and the maximum supply of heat seems to be and the maximum supply of heat seems to be furnished daily with no moderation that temporary changes in temperature might suggest. It is a curious thing to witness the complacency with which a crowd of New Yorkers sit hudded in acable car, wearing heavy overcoats and overwhelmed by the heat. None of them likes it. There is a protest on every countenance. But objection never takes the tangelle form of a request or even the suggestion that a window be opened. The hardened man who attempts it is very likely to regret n's temerity. In an instant the sufferings of his fellow passengers are transformed into a feeling of resentment at the man who endeavors in such a manner to disturb the existing condition of affairs. The sympathy of the group goes out to the conductor, who is called upon to interrupt the regular course of his duties for so unusual a demand. The man who protests, against, the ventilation is invariably written down in the estimation of the rest of the passengers as a crans. Everybody else in the car may be just as hot as he is, and be just as certain to catch a cold. But the att tude of the victims remains just as hossile to anybody who rises and protests. Nobody really likes to be roasted or parbolled; but better that than any toleration for cranks who go around kicking about the ventilation, or anything else, for that matter. Possibly in the long run this system keeps life more comfortable, and the invariable impression of the men who kick makes more for toe public welfare than a little fresh at would do at the cost of encouraging such a practice. furnished daily with no moderation that tem-The Amalgamated Association of Personal

Representation may not be as big as its name, but it is an important, though unseen, factor mitted euicide. That was what might be expected, they said, of one of those quiet, self-contained men who never talked about their troubles, but kept them to brood over.

Talk on the subject had about died out, when about six weeks after the disappearance the body of a man was found floating in the Hudson River above Hastings. Coroner Miles of Yonkers held an inquest, and, finding no marks of foul play, decided that the man had either falien into the river or had committed suicide. The body had been in the water so long that the features were unrecognizable. It was buried in the public burying ground. A few days after the inquest Coroner Miles met Patrick Coyle, a friend of the missing Ford, and the conversation as was possible of the body. It was that of the missing Ford, and the conversation as was possible of the body. It was that of coyle. "Why, that's Frank Ford, sure. He's always worn a bandage around his waist!"

"Bald, and had a bandage around his waist!"

"Bald, and had a bandage around his waist!"

"Be doy was distintered, and Coyle took 15-year-old Ellen Ford and two friends of Ford to look at the body. The girl thought the clothing was that of Ford, but would not awear to it. The body was arransferred to a centery in Vohers, the papers reported the identification of the body as transferred to a conterty in the body. The girl thought the body was transferred to a conterty in the body. The definition of the body are defined to the identification of the papers reported the identification of the source of the continued to live with her aunt, the papers reported the identification of the source of the continued to live with her aunt, been paid because of the alieged incompleteness of the lefentification, and the girl had no money. A raffle was held on Saturday night at Alderman of the continued to live with her aunt, the feet of the manual of the continued to live with her aunt, t in affairs at the Metropolitan Opera House. The President of this organization is Willy

Castelmary, who made one of the great sen-The was about this time of a Saturday night that Frank would be coming in here," remarked one of them.

"One glass of beer at the bar," said another, "and then another glass while he was playing a game of backgammon, if there was any one to play with him, and then he'd go home."

The conversation drifted away into other channels, and the mind of the company was turned upon politics, when the door opened slowly and a man came in. He was a middle aged man of ordinary appearance, a sober, quiet-looking feliow, and as he steeped to the bar the voices of the men in discussion suddenly talled off into silence. A sort of gasp went around the room. The bartender, who had his back turned, didn't see the man at first, and the newpomer, while waiting, took off his hat and rubbed his head gently; a very bailt head.

"Murder!" said the man nearest the door softly, and sild into the outer air.

At the exclamation, distinct in the sudden silence, the bartender turned around. His law dropped. So did the glass he held in his hand, which was of more account, for the glass broke. The bartender put his arm in front of his eyes.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Lager," said the newcomer prosaically.

A murmur went through the group in the room. The bartender prosaically.

A murmur went through the group in the room. The bartender prosaically.

A murmur went through the group in the room. The bartender provential laughter.

"Any of you want?" he asked.

"It's him," said one of the men, "He's—he's out—of—of his grave; come out of his—his grave.

Oh, God, Frank! what are you back here for?"

Before an answer was forthcoming Pat Coyle himself came in from the back room, stopped, wavered, then jumped forward and seized the newcomer.

"Frank Ford! Why, man, where did you come from? We thought you were dead and come of from? We thought you were dead and come from? We thought you we

When the monitor Puritan left the navy on board several carrier pigeons that were to be released after Sandy Hook had been left far behind, and this fact was known only to some officers who have been interested in such experiments. The result of one message brought back to the navy yard by these pigeons was to mystify the man who received it. He know that the Puritan sailed on Saturday, and when he received a telegram on Monday dated at the navy yard from a man whom he supposed to be on board of her, his first thought was that the Puritan had returned. She hadn't been reported at Sandy Hook, however, and the only explanation that resmed to fit the case was that the man who sent the telegram had, for some reason or other, been left behind. A letter posted outside of Sandy Hook and received on Tuesday cleared away the mystery. Two carrie, pigeons had been released from the Puritan, one bearfing official despatches and the other private despatches, and one of the latter happened to be the message received by this man. It is the coninor of the Puritan's officers that no more contented crew was ever mustered on board a fighting ship than the men whom they command. Although they had a liberal allowance of shore leave while the monitor was at hardock, only one man deserted, and he was a landlubber who knew nothing about the navy. Just now the Puritan, because of the claims that are made for her, and because she is an unknown quantity, is the most interesting American fighting machine affeat, and the returns from her trial trip are awaited eagerly. experiments. The result of one message

The controversy that has stirred up the two rival associations contending as to the best manner of preserving the Poe cottage at Fordnam, has increased the bar profits of the Fordham Hotel if it has served no other purpose, It was, at this hotel, according to local tradi-tion, that Poe stopped and refreshed himself It was, at this hotel, according to local tradition, that Poe stopped and refreshed himself with whatever may have been the popular drink, and here also was the village Post Office. The hotel has passed through many changes since that time, but it is still frequented by old Fordham beople, who like to talk about Poe, and whose descriptions of him as a tottering old man do not fit the well-settled facts as to his life. In explanation of this discrepancy, it is said that along in the fiftles there was an old man who found that by alleging that he was Poethemight drink at the expense of the credulous, and to this day there are people who be lieve that he was what he claimed to be. No one knew what his business was, and he spent much of his time at the hotel 'talking Shakespeare,' The renewed interest in the Poe cottage has attracted to Fordham many bleveleridars who are interested in Poe's work and find that a visit to his cottage makes a pleasant object for a ride. Some of the old Fordham people haven't been slow to profit by this fact, and they make extraordinary statements to boom the place. They assert that Poe wrote "The Haven" in this cottage, apparently forgetful of the fact that when he wrote it he was living in a house near what is now Eighty-fourth street and the Boulevard. The cottage itself is well worth inspection, though there is no relic of Poe in it, and whatever, may be the final decision of the two societies as to the preservation of this house, there is no doubt that the proprietor of the Fordham Hotel is their friend. Reg paraon, You house, out in not a ninsame person. I kin eat fire, chew live kittens,
swallow hot lead, bits holes in iron, drink
oxal—"
"Stop!" commanded the Recorder. "Why
doyou talk this way? What do you mean, sir?"
"I am a prestidigipertato." declared White.
"A what?"
"Prestidigipertato! Wif you Honah's permission, i will show one ob ma first museum
tricks. I'll take this handkerchief from ma
pockst, thusly, en I'll te three hard knots in it,
thusly, then I will toss it in de air, thusly, en
you will perceive thusly dat de knots become
untied in de air."

The Recorder leaned forward with his chin
resting on his hands and his elbows resting on
his dees.

"Eh!" he exclaimed.

"Eh!" is repeat the ossification for you Honah's
judification," remarked the prisoner at the bar.
And after tyring three knots in the hands erchief
the handkerchief fell on the floor, knotless.
Three or four persons sitting near the door
claiped their hands in applause and were husteld into the corridor. The Recorder straightsuici up and said:

"Clever trick; you're not such a bad fellow
after all. I intended to sentence you to five
years' imprisonment, but I'll make it three and
a half years instead. I probashly had better
to take the precaution to notify Warden Sage of
Sing Sing to see to it that you don's juggle youts self out of prison."

When White was being led back to the pen
he turned to the court attendant who was with
him and remarked:

"I'll had a chance to do dat'ere kittin-eatin'
trick I'd o' jest knocked another hole in dat'ere
sentence."

MISS ROBINSON JILTED.

SHE SUES PHILIP SYTDER FOR \$25,000 DAMAGES.

He Finally Concluded Not to Marry, She Testifies, Because He Had Only \$10 a Week Salary, and Tells Her to Sell Their Furniture and Buy a Bicycle. Miss Florence Louise Robinson, the pretty

21-year-old daughter of Flagman John Robinson of the Long Island Railroad, made an impressive witness yesterday at the trial of her uit against Philip A. Snyder, son of a rich hardware merchant, in which she asks for \$25,000 damages for alleged breach of promise of marriage, in the Supreme Court in Brook

Miss Robinson was only 15 years old when she met young Snyder for the first time. It was at a fireman's ball in the Flatbush Town Hall in April, 1891. Snyder began to pay her marked attention right after that, calling to see her two or three nights a week. Finally, on Dec. 25, 1894, her birthday, he saked her to marry him and she consented. First one day and then another was arranged for the gagement on the plea that he could not properly support a wife on the \$10 a week salary

he was getting from nis father.

Miss Robinson told him she had secured a her lover was employed, so that they could be in easy reach of each other.

"He came in to see me," she testified, "three or four times a day. He called at my house on Tuesday nights and Wednesday nights and Friday nights. Then he went home with me Eaturday nights, and, of course, called on Sunday nights." Mr. Snyder, she said, objected to her going out with any other young men or receiving them at her home.

"He didn't want me to have a blevele," she some one else. He even objected to my going to Sunday school because he was afraid there were boys down there who might take a fancy to me. He also told me not to call on my married sister unless he was with me, and he didn't want me to go out with any girl friend. because he was afraid, as he said, that we might meet some one who would take me away from him."

According to Miss Robinson. her flancé told her that his prospects were bright, his father

According to Miss Robinson. her flancé told her that his prospects were bright, his father having promised to take him in partnership. He said he had a good bank account, and promised to give her \$500 to buy the furniture for their housekeeping. Before the time set down for the marriage she gave up her place in the Flatbush grocery store at Mr. Snyder's suggestion. "He said." she explained, "that he didn't want to have his future wife parading about Flatbush.

Miss Robinson told him she had spent \$100 of her own money in making preparations for the marriage, and how she had been assisted in making the purchases by Mr. Snyder and his sister.

On the day finally set for the wedding her prospective mother-in-law and sister-in-law called on her. "They insulted my mother." Miss Robinson said. She was not allowed to detail what took place. At this point several affectionate letters, which Snyder sent to Miss Robinson at the critical period in their love affairs, were put in evidence.

When Mr. Snyder finally told her that he would have to break off the engagement on the plea of poverty, she said she saked him why he didn't get a place for himself. Then he told her, she said, that he would have to break off the engagement on the plea of poverty, she said she saked him why he didn't get a place for himself. Then he told her, she said, that he wouldn't break his mother's heart for anything in the world. "I will go back to work," she said, "and we can get married some time. I will store the furniture have bought. "No," he said, "you can sell it and buy a bievele."

At this point Miss Robinson broke down and sobbed for a couple of minutes.

"The sweet little home we were to live in," she continued, "lookel so sweet that I thought something ought to be done with it, but he said, "no, sell it, and huy a sleycle."

"Did you ever meet Snyder again?" she was asked.

"Yes, about six months afterward. I methin to Flathmak with another cirl.

"Yes, about six months afterward. I met him in Flatbush with another girl. I asked him to have a little respect for me, and he replied that I had taken the matter into the courts and I could settle it there."

Mr. Snyder took the stand in his own defence and represented that Miss Robinson herself was responsible for the braking up of the match. Her mother, he said, became very cool to him when she learned of his slender income, and formally announced that he was too poor to wed her daughter.

The trial will probably be concluded to-day.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC-THIS DAY. Sun rises.... 6 50 | Sun sets... 5 37 | Moon rises. 6 25 HIGH WATER—THIS DAY. Sandy Hook. 8 16 | Gov.Island. 7 48 | Hell Gate... 9 41

Arrived-Tuespay, Feb. 16. Sa State of California, Braes, Glasgow Feb. 4, 8a Boyle, Jones, Liverpool Feb. 5, 8a Tookwith, Stevens, Hamburg, 8a Alene, Seiders, Kingstom, 8a Leon, Lampe, Port Antonio, 8a Kitse Marie, Reiners, Hamburg, 8a Rigottian Prince, Callaway, Kingston, 8a Creatan, McKee, Wilmington, 8s Creatan. McKee, Wilmington.
8s Rio Grande, Staples, Brunswick.
8s Jamestown, Hulphers, Norfolk.
8s Concho, Risk, Gal. eston.
8s Hudson, Halsey, New Orleans.

ARRIVED OUT

Se Werkendam, from New York for Rotterdam, off the Lizard.

Sa Veendam, from New York for Rotterdam, passed
beachy Head.

Sa Rotterdam, from New York for Rotterdam, off
Schily Islanda.

Sa Idaho, from New York for London, passed the zard. Se Karlsruhe, from Bremen for New York, passed

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

SAILED FROM DOMESTIC PORTS. 8s La Grande Duchesse, from Savannah for New ork. Se Benefactor, from Philadelphia for New York. OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS

8:00 P. M. Sall Friday, Feb. 19. INCOMING STRAMSHIPS.

	Ardova Shields Jan 23 Laleham Gibraltar Jan 26 Lorenzo Ituli Jan 27
ı	Gevenum Lisbon Jan 25
ő,	Panama Bordeaux Feb. 1 Accommac Gibraitar Jan. 20
5	Southwark Antwerp Yeb. 6
ч	Southwark Antwerp Feb. 6 Cuffe Liverpool Feb. 0
	British King Antwerp Feb. 4 Glatestry Gibraltar Feb. 2
	City of Washington Havana Feb. 13
1	Tripidad Permuda Feb. 15
	Bellanoch St. Lucia Feb. 8 Algonouin Jacksonville Feb. 14
	El Monte New Orleans Feb. 12
Ü	Ine Thursday, leb. 18.
1	SpreeFeb. 11
П	Brooklyn City Swansea Feb. 4 Cambrian London Feb. 4
	Philadelphia La Guayra Feb. 12
١	Due Friday, Feb. 19.
	Lucania
	Stherian
	Mississippi London Feb. 5
,	Norge Christiansand Feb. 15
	Gardenta Shields Feb. 8
	Mobilean Swansea Feb. 5 Comal Galveston Feb. 13
	Due Saturday, 1ch. 20.
	St. Paul Southampton Feb. 14
	Prussia Hamburg Feb. 8
	Adristic Liverpool Feb. 10 Liandaff City Swanses Feb. 6
Ž.	Radiocrables Gibraitar Feb. 6
	6t leene   tverpool Feb. 6
ŧ	SeminoleJacksonvilleFeb. 17
t	Due Sunday, Feb. 21.
:	La Champagne

Due Monday. / ch. 22.

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MARINER BROWN'S TALE. Comes Home After an Absence of Nine Years and a Life with Savages.

LYNN, Mass., Feb. 16.-James C. Brown, mariner, 60 years old, who had long been given up as dead, has returned to his nome in this city after nine years' absence and tells astrange tory of wreck and exile. He shipped from Bos ton in November, 1887, in the bark Clyde. The vessel was capsized by a cyclone off Madagascar. The crew were rescued and returned to Madigascar, where Brown shipped for Mauritius. There he was stricken with fever, and lay four months between life and death. On recovering he made two voyages between Mauritius and Melbourne. The bark in which he shipped, being short handed, stood at the Solomo Islands for men, but got none, and left hastily, because the Captain feared the natives, whom he had offended. Brown was accidentally left

he had offended. Brown was accidentally left behind, and for four years he lived with the savages. Of this experience he says:
"Imagine yourself in a menagerie with 10,000 wild animals running madly about, each one seemingly thinking of swallowing you whole, and you may nave a faint idea of my first experience. After a while I made many friends among the natives." Brown was recued by the bark Florence Elliott and taken to Sydney, whence he worked his way to Melburne, and there supported himself by pedding scap. Receiving a letter from his wife in answer to one to her, he sailed for home last December, and reached New York in the Germanic on last Saturday.

Business Motices.

Anhenser-Busch Brewing Ass'a recommends the use of the greatest of all tonics, "Mail Nutrine," and guarantees the merits claimed forit. For sale by all druggists.

DIED.

PENNER.—At Centre Moriches, Long Island, on Sunday, Feb. 14, Marianne Fenner, aged 78 years, wife of Edward Fenner, late of New Orleans, La. Funeral private. New Orleans papers please copy. HOLLISTER .- At Liberty, N. Y., on Monday

Feb. 15, Edward Crane Hollister of Rutherford N. J., in the 24th year of his age. Funeral from the residence of his mother, Mrs. John illister, at Rutherford, N. J., on Wednesday MANY AR D .-- On Monday, Feb. 15, at the residence

of her mother, Mrs. Mary Howard, Mamie, be-loved daughter of the late Harry and Mary Howard. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited t attend funeral services on Thursday, Feb. 18, at 2

LARREMORE. -On Monday, Feb. 15, Caroline E., daughter of the late Joseph Livermore and widow of Richard L. Larremore. Funeral services at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, corner 53d st., Thursday, Feb. 18, at 12 M

MORRIS. -Suddenly, in this city, on Monday, Feb. 15, Gouverneur Morris, formerly of Morrisania. Funeral services at St. Ann's Church, St. Ann's av. near 139th st., on Friday, Feb. 19, at 10:80 A. M. Friends and relatives are invited to be present. Carriages will be at 133d st. station of the elevated

O'BRIEN,-At Trenton, N. J., Feb. 15, Robert O'Brien, father of the Rev. John A. O'Brien of Bayonne, N. J.

Solemn requiem high mass at St. Rary's Cathedral,

Trenton, N. J., Thursday, Feb. 18, at 9:30 A. M. RANNEY,-At Philadelphia, Feb. 15, 1897, Charles

Henry Ranney, Funeral services Thursday, 18th inst., at First Unitarian Church, Chestnut st., west of 21st, at 2 Conn., Elias B. Servoss, Jr., son of Ellas B. and

Maria E. Servoss, in the 28th year of his age. Relatives and friends are invited to attend th neral services at his late residence, 720 Whitney av., New Haven, Conn., Thursday, Feb. 18, at 10:30 A. M. Interment in family vault at Trinity Cemetery, New York city. ST. JOHN, -At his residence, 121 East 34th st., on Sunday evening, Feb. 14, 1897, William P. St. John Funeral services will be held at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church on Thursday, 18th Inst., at

16 o'clock A. M. Interment at the convenience of the family. fold, son of George W. and Maria E. Summers. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to at-tend the funoral services at his late residence, 216 Penn st., Brooklyn, this (Wednesday) evening,

fannah Raiston Tucker, wife of Josiah Prentice VANDENBERGH,-At Plainfield, N. J., Feb. 15.

1597, Gertrude, daughter of the late Samuel D. Vandenbergh, aged 77 years. Funeral services at her late residence, 225 East 5th at., on Wednesday, Feb. 17, on arrival of 10 A.M. train foot of Liberty st., New York city, C. R. R. of

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Religious Motices.

D. L. MOODY
WILL PREACH AT
CARNEGIE MUSIC MALL,
Sunday, Feb. 21, at 3 and 8 17 M.
H. BURKE WILL SIN,
stamped chyclope to W. E. LOUGEE, 40 West

No more vivid picture of a sailor's life as it No more vivid picture of a sailor's life as it is could be drawn than is found in "On Many Seas." As the New York Tribune says, "every line ... hits the mark." In every page one hears the good-humored voice of the author who takes life as he finds it, who chuckles over many a good story and recalls one boyish scrape after another, or later adventures in every kind of craft, on nearly every known sea, under all sorts of captains, and with shipmates of every nationality. The book is brimful of the sea, and no ality. The book is brimful of the sea, and no one who has ever had any love for the sea or a sailor's life could lay it down after he had once begun it. He may lose many an illusion, for the story is above all things true, and a sailor's life is not all romance and fair

How the book appeals to old sailors shows in the enthusiastic open letter which was sent to a Providence paper immediately after the book's publication. The writer tells of the after fate of one at least of the ships on which Mr. Williams sailed, and says that the book has given a "picture of the sailor's life as it has never been drawn before"; "the spirit of the sailor who has lived the life is in the book." Any man who has any inclination for salt water, or who has coquetted with the blue waves ever so little, will find the greatest enjoyment from reading this book." The New York Herald says: "The charm of it is its simplicity and truth." For these it has no equal, and nothing can even compare with it, except perhaps Richard Henry Dana's Two Years Before the Mast," or Tom Cringle's Log," for years the classics of the sea.

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TO OPEN WITH 10,000 EXHIBITS. The Exhibition of the Architectural League

Fills the Fine Arts Building. The twelfth annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York will be opened at the building of the Fine Arts Society in West Fifty-seventh street on Saturday, and will contique until March 13. The annual dinner of the architects will be given to-morrow evening, and on Friday evening there will be a league reception. The league includes among its members architects, artists, and sculptors, and o clock P. M. Interment private. Kindly omit | the annual exhibitions are held to give the public an idea of the advances that are being made

in architectural and decorative art work. With

the exception of Tuesdays and Thursdays of

each week the exhibition is to be open to the public without charge. On those days an admission fee will be charged. For weeks the architects have been at work lecorating the large salons of the Fine Arts building and placing exhibits. There will be about 10,000 separate exhibits. Every niche and corner of the five galleries is filled with something interesting. The south gallery con-

something interesting. The south gallery contains the decorative panels, cartoons for stained glass, models of executed or proposed work, panels and water colors. The central gallery is given up to the sculptors. In the west gallery are the designs for bookcovers, for embroidery, and for furniture.

In the sast gallery is the mosale work, carvings in wood and stone, wrought iron, textile fabrics, and other completed work. The Vanderbilt gallery is given up to the architecta. Prominent architects of the country have designs there and each is caborately executed. At the east side of this gallery will be the accepted design for the Richard M. Hunt memorial, the work of Bruce Price, artist, and Daniel C. French, sculptor.

In previous years there have been few designs by women, but this year some fifty designs in architectural snot artistic work have been submitted. The T. Sq. Club of Philadelphia has sent many exhibits. Another noveity is a collection of 100 works of architects of England and France. On each Wednessiay evening there will be a lecture by one architect or artist.

She Didn't Mean to Steal the Bon, Mrs. Anna Hamilton of Schodack, N. Y., who was arrested in a Sixth avenue dry goods store on Monday charged with stealing a box valued at \$7.95, was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday. She said that she was in the city on a visit, and went to the store to purchase some articles. She denied having at-tempted to take the boa, which she said, un-noticed to her, had clung to one of the hooks on the front of her cape. The proprietor of the store said he did not want to press the charge, and Mrs. Hamilton was discharged from cus-tody.